



YOUR ZEAL IS UNDERSTANDABLE,
DOCTOR. IT'S A VERY
IMPRESSIVE PRESENTATION. A
QUESTION, THOUGH...

I'VE NEVER BEEN
ONE TO SHY AWAY
FROM RISK, BUT WE
ARE AFTER ALL
TALKING ABOUT THE
SURVIVAL OF THE
SPECIES...

WITH THAT IN MIND,
EXACTLY HOW MUCH OF
THE PHASE TWO
TECHNOLOGY IS
SPECULATIVE?

STRIPPED OF ANY MILITARY
APPLICATIONS AFTER BEING
DECOMMISSIONED.

WELL
NORMALLY
YES...

BUT THIS
PARTICULAR DOG WAS
A GIFT FROM HER
MOTHER.

MEANING?

A close-up comic book panel of a woman with short, vibrant green hair. She has a determined and angry expression, with her mouth wide open in a shout. Her right hand is raised to her chin, with her fingers curled. She is wearing a green top. The background is a solid black.

NINETY-NINE
PROBLEMS,
HUH?

SCREW YOU. I
RAN AWAY BECAUSE
I WANTED TO *HELP*
PEOPLE...





DOCTOR
MURPHEY!



EH? OH...MY APOLOGIES,
SIR. I...I DO GET A BIT
CARRIED AWAY.

EVERY ATOM, EVERY
MOLECULE, EVERY ORGANISM
SET IN ITS PROPER PLACE
FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF
~~GUARANTEEING~~ THE FUTURE
OF THE SPECIES...

CYBER FORCE

Marc Silvestri
Creator, Co-Writer,

Matt Hawkins
Co-Writer

HAS SEEN THE ALTERNATE
SCENARIO...

THE ONE THAT HAS
US SITTING BACK AND DOING
NOTHING AS MANKIND
DESTROYS ITSELF...VERY
QUICKLY.

MY PARDON, MR.
CHAIRMAN, BUT THIS
CONVERSATION IT IS
MOOT, YES? IF STRYKER
WERE ALIVE, WE WOULD
HAVE FOUND HIM BY
NOW.

AND EVEN



YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY BE
THAT NAVE!



YOU DON'T
KNOW ME! YOU
DON'T KNOW THE
HELL I WENT
THROUGH TO GET
HERE!

PFFT, YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT HELL
IS.




OBVIOUSLY

GOD, YOU SPOILED
LITTLE BITCH. AND THE
"ONLY" THING YOU HAD
WAS YOUR STUPID
DOG?

HE WASN'T
STUPID,
JERKOFF...

HE WAS KIND, AND
LOYAL, AND *SMARTER*
THAN YOU'LL EVER BE!

AND I DON'T CARE
ABOUT MONEY. I
NEVER ASKED FOR IT
AND I DON'T WANT
IT!



WELL, SIR, BEING
YOUR WIFE, SHE WOULDN'T
NEED TO...THAT IS TO SAY,
IT'S POSSIBLE THE ANIMAL
WASN'T PUT THROUGH THE
NORMAL SCREENING
PROCESS.

I SEE...

PRECISELY
HOW MUCH DOES MY
DAUGHTER KNOW OF
THE PROTOCOL? IS
SHE AWARE OF OUR
NEXT CORRECTIVE
ACTION?

UNKNOWN, SIR. THE
DOWNLOAD IN THE FIELD
WAS *INCOMPLETE*. WE
WOULD NEED HER TO BE
BROUGHT BACK HERE TO
THE LAB TO GET THE
FULL EXTENT OF THE
TRANSFER.

HOWEVER, WHAT *IS*
CONFIRMED IS THAT SHE
HAS BEEN THE *ATTEMPT*

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NOW?

THE SHOGS
THAT WERE
CHASING ME
KILLED HIM
AND—

YOUR DOG?
ARE YOU *FUCKING*
KIDDING ME? ALL MY
FRIENDS ARE DEAD
BECAUSE OF YOU AND
YOU'RE UPSET
ABOUT SOME
FUCKING DOG?

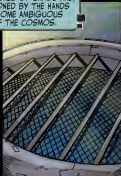
NINJA WAS NOT
SOME *FUCKING* DOG!
HE WAS THE *ONLY*
THING THAT I HAD IN
THE WHOLE WORLD, AND
NOW HE'S DEAD!

SO EXCUSE
ME FOR BEING
FUCKING UPSET.
OKAY?

WHAT? YOU DID NOT
SERIOUSLY JUST SAY
THAT. YOU'VE GOT
MORE MONEY THAN



THE FUTURE BRINGS A NEW ORDER
BORN FROM THE ASHES OF CHAOS AND,
THIS TIME, FASHIONED BY THE HANDS
OF MEN, NOT SOME AMBIGUOUS
ARCHITECT OF THE COSMOS.

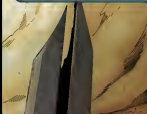


A WORLD WHERE EVERY
MAN AND EVERY WOMAN IS
SATISFIED IN THEIR
STATION AND CONTENT IN
THEIR PURPOSE.

ALL OF IT MADE
POSSIBLE BY BILLIONS
OF MOLECULARLY
MANUFACTURED PIECES
OPERATING AS ONE, IN A
CIRCLE OF LIFE THAT
WAS CREATED.



MR. CHAIRMAN, SEVENTY YEARS FROM NOW, IT IS US THAT CONTROL THE ATOMS, US THAT ARE THE DETERMINERS OF FATE. US THAT WILL BE THE ARCHITECTS OF A NEW COSMOS!





IF IT WERE TO
TURN OUT THAT HE
HAS NOT, IN FACT,
AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS, BEEN A
BIRTHING GROUND
TO MAGGOTS, HE
STILL WOULD
PROVE NO
THREAT.



OF THAT
YOU HAVE MY
PERSONAL
GUARANTEE.

TOP GUN



PRODUCTIONS, INC.

OF COURSE!
YOU'VE NEVER
MET MY
PARENTS—

CARIN...

?!






AND THE
DOG, IT
KNOWS ALL
OF THIS?

YES. WHAT
WE ARE WATCHING IS
A DIRECT FEED FROM
THE *NEURAL INTERFACE*
HE SHARES WITH YOUR
DAUGHTER.



AND THERE
SEEMS TO BE A
LOT MORE.

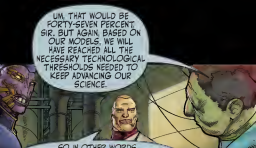
DOCTOR, I WAS
UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT
SPECIAL FORCES ANIMALS WERE
EUTHANIZED OR AT LEAST
STRIPPED OF ANY MENTAL

A close-up of a character's face, showing a large, yellow, circular feature resembling a tooth or a sensor. A speech bubble originates from the character's mouth.

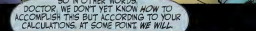
MAJOR, NUMBER ONE, THE LAST TIME YOU TANGLED
WITH MORGAN STRYKER YOU SPENT SIX MONTHS IN ICU,
SO YOUR PERSONAL GUARANTEE HAS THE EQUIVALENT
VALUE OF GUM STUCK TO THE BOTTOM OF ONE'S SHOE.

A large, grey, reptilian head, possibly a crocodile or alligator, is shown underwater. The head is angled upwards, and its mouth is slightly open, revealing sharp teeth. The background is a murky greenish-blue with bubbles. A speech bubble originates from the character's mouth.

NUMBER TWO,
IF MY DAUGHTER
WERE TO FIND
STRYKER ALIVE AND
TELL HIM OF OUR
NEXT MOVE, IT
WOULD INDEED PROVE
TO BE A THREAT.
AND NOT JUST
FOR US...



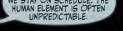
UM, THAT WOULD BE
FORTY-SEVEN PERCENT,
SIR. BUT AGAIN, BASED ON
OUR MODELS, WE WILL
HAVE REACHED ALL THE
NECESSARY TECHNOLOGICAL
THRESHOLDS NEEDED TO
KEEP ADVANCING OUR
SCIENCE.



SO IN OTHER WORDS,
DOCTOR, WE DON'T YET KNOW HOW TO
ACCOMPLISH THIS BUT ACCORDING TO YOUR
CALCULATIONS, AT SOME POINT WE WILL.



THAT IS
CORRECT,
SIR.



ASSUMING, OF COURSE,
WE STAY ON SCHEDULE. THE
HUMAN ELEMENT IS OFTEN
UNPREDICTABLE.



AN
ANNOYING
TRAIT TO BE
SURE.

Character Design, Art Director

Khoi Pham

Penciller

Sunny Gho

Colorist

Stjepan Sejic

Final Art Polish


Sal Regla &

Khoi Pham

Inkers

Troy Peteri

Letterer



A NEW SPECIES, ONE OF
BIO-CYBERNETIC HYBRIDS
CREATED TO LIVE AND FLOURISH
IN A *POISONED* WORLD LONG
DEVOID OF SUNLIGHT.



NO LONGER WILL MANKIND
BE AT THE MERCY OF
RANDOM ATOMS SMASHING
TOGETHER TO DETERMINE
ITS FATE!

DOCTOR...



□
□ "BUT FOR THE
ENTIRETY OF THE
HUMAN RACE." □
□



A close-up, high-contrast image of a character's face. The character has pale skin with prominent yellow markings, including a large 'Y' shape on the forehead and cheekbones. The eyes are red and appear to be wearing goggles or have a similar design. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

I THINK IT'S
TIME YOU TOLD
US...

*...WHY YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR
MORGAN
STRYKER.*



YEAH?
WELL, SO FAR
THE ONLY THING
YOU'VE "HELPED"
PEOPLE DO IS
GET KILLED.

GET OVER YOURSELF
PRINCESS, DID YOU REALLY
THINK THAT ALL YOU HAD TO
DO WAS COME DOWN FROM
YOUR PALACE, FART MAGIC
GLITTER ON US POOR SAPS,
AND PRESTO, EVERYTHING'S
SUDDENLY RAINBOWS AND
UNICORNS?

DON'T PREACH TO
ME, I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE AND WHAT YOU'VE
DONE. I'M NOT LIKE
YOU. I'M NOT A
MURDERER.

